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By RUSSELL EATON.
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.
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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

The Potato Harvest.
Perhaps in no year since the settlement of Maine
by the white man, has the farmer had so much
reason to look upon and commence the potato
harvest with such, we may say mournful, interest
as at the present.

A disease with which we have hitherto, as a com-
munity, been wholly unacquainted, has swept the
whole length and breadth of the State, withering
and blasting this crop in a singular manner. This
crop has become one of great value, not only to the
citizens of the State as an article of home con-
sumption, but as an article of export. Indeed,
many of the States south and west of us have
begun to depend principally upon the potatoes
raised in Maine for their consumption, and look
to the success or failure of the article with much
solicitude.

In harvesting the crop this year much care ought to
be taken to separate the defective or unsound ones
from the others, because it has been found that if
any that are only slightly defective be put in with
the sound mass, they will communicate the rot to
the whole mass. We have noticed two effects con-
sequent, as we suppose, upon the disease which
has destroyed the tops. The first is merely a com-
plete stopping of the growth of the tuber or potato
before the starch or farinaceous portions had be-
come fully elaborated, and the potato is mealy and
dry. The second is the rot, by some called the
waxy rot, which attacks the potato and causes its
total destruction. We have seen some potatoes
which were dug early, that appeared to be very
fair and sound, which, nevertheless, in a few days
began to decay and were soon worthless. As a
general rule heretofore, it has been found best when
digging potatoes, to allow the sun and air to come
to them as little as possible, and to stow them away
with as much sand or soil among them as could be
conveniently done, in order to put them in a condi-
tion as near like that in which they grew as possible.

We have found a bin, lined on each side with
sods, and the potatoes, when put in, covered over
with sods, to be an excellent place for preserving
them with all their good qualities. Whether it
would be safe to adopt this or a similar plan now is
a question. Some one has recommended the plan
of drying the potatoes of this season, and having
them quite clean before housing them. Indeed, he
thinks this mode absolutely necessary for the preser-
vation of them from the insidious advances of the
rot, which has been so destructive to them after be-
ing put into the bin apparently in a sound condition.
It is the duty of every farmer to use every precau-
tion in order to keep the crop good,—to observe
closely and scrutinize carefully every incident which
may lead him and others to the best mode of pre-
serving this valuable product, and of avoiding or
eradicating the calamitous disease to which it is
now liable.

Setting out Trees.
We would remind our brother farmers that the
Autumn is an excellent time to transplant trees,
and also that they will derive much pleasure as well
as profit if they should occupy it. The neglect of
cultivating fruit and ornamental trees more exten-
sively on our farms and by the road-sides and in the
streets of our towns and villages, is unpardonable.
If every farmer in the State would employ one day,
only one day in each year in procuring and setting
out trees, in such situations where they would not
be in the way of any farming operation, but at the
same time convenient and appropriate, how much
more beautiful would our country appear, and how
much more valuable it would in reality be! If every
mechanic in our villages would interest him-
self in the setting out and protection of trees in his
neighborhood, how much more pleasant would be
his residence, and how much more delightful would
they appear in the eyes of travellers and strangers.

Shavings for Manure.—TRANSLATING TREES.
Messrs. Editors:—I observe in your last Cultivator
some enquiries about the virtues of shavings, as a
manure. I am satisfied that shavings, when decom-
posed, will furnish a fertilizer to vegetation, for all
woody or vegetable substances may be converted into
manure. But shavings will probably furnish a less
quantity than most other things.
My own experience has satisfied me that they may
be used mechanically to good advantage in pre-
venting the evaporation of the earth. Placed
around trees recently transplanted they keep the
earth from drying, and trees thus treated will suffer
but little from very severe droughts. Old hay, straw
or rubbish of any kind answers the same purpose.
They all answer also to keep the earth from crusting
over, as it is very apt to when water is frequently
applied, thereby enabling the water to penetrate eas-
ily to the roots of the tree, instead of its running
off.

In setting trees, I leave the ground around the
tree a little higher, to the distance of from two to
three feet. Then lay into the dish a quantity of hay,
straw, or shavings, and throw a very small quantity
of soil over to prevent the wind from blowing away
the materials. When hay or straw is used it be-
comes by the next spring converted into a light ma-
nure and serves another season to keep the earth
loose and porous. Trees thus treated will not re-
quire the application of water in the driest seasons,
half as often as they otherwise would.

As a fertilizer the case you mention of the two
elms does not prove much, for trees of the same
size and thrift when planted in the same soil and
with equal care, will not always thrive equally well.
One may become at once thrifty and show that it
received but a little check in transplanting, while
the other will do but a little more than live.

Yours,
JOHN G. LOCKE.
Lowell, Sept. 6, 1845.—[Boston Cultivator.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1845.

NO. 40.

American Agriculture.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

We have been told of the excellency of English
agriculture, and of the "prodigy of agricultural
wealth" which exists in that famous Kingdom. But
there is a radical vice in the political institutions of
Great Britain—or rather we may say, the *people*,
and not the *people*, wields the sovereign power.

Property has not as yet become so unequally
divided in our country that the power is about to
be grasped by a chosen few. Combined dema-
gogues indeed may, by flattery, intrigue and bribe-
ry, weaken the force of our glorious, free institu-
tions, but "a redeeming spirit" will doubtless re-
store purity and political health.

But indeed much applause has been bestowed
upon agriculture. If this constitutes the basis of
national prosperity and of civil liberty, it is remark-
able that our *engle-eyed* statesmen are so remiss
upon the subject.

But are we to boast of our princely domains, or
of our moderately sized farms, cultivated with un-
remitting industry and (we would fain hope) with
astounding skill?

To trace out the political advantages of a rightly
conducted agriculture, would be the work of vol-
umes. If it be true that virtue is a necessary
spring of a republican government, and that the
cultivators of the soil are the chosen people of
God in whose breasts he has deposited genuine
virtue, we may very safely arrive at the conclusion
that public opinion should be aroused to action, and
that the farming interest should receive the atten-
tion it deserves.

We may felicitate ourselves on the immense ex-
tent of our country: on the advancement of sci-
ence, of public improvements, the extension of
commerce, and the march of mechanical and man-
ufacturing industry. But we must not forget that
a constantly improving agriculture in every point
of view, must constitute the *shed-anchor* of our
national greatness, of our national prosperity, and
of our national safety.

Evils indeed may spring up in our country. We
have named political corruption, and we might name
the spirit of party, and what is perhaps still worse,
sectional jealousy. But is it the part of wisdom to
prophesy evil? Corruption may meet with a de-
cided check in the virtue and intelligence of our peo-
ple. Perhaps no more of party spirit may continue
to prevail than may prove of salutary influence.
And what of sectional jealousy? Why shall sectional
jealousy continue to prevail? Does such a state
of things produce evils of large magnitude
without benefit? What if the modes of thinking
in the several sections of our country differ? Will
not the New Englander ere long unite in close
political friendship with the lofty Southerner? The
noble and chivalrous West will not hold back: po-
litical harmony will at length prevail, and a founda-
tion will be laid for the future prosperity and ag-
grandisement of our country. Let us speed the plough.
Rumford, Sept. 1845. J. E. ROLFE.

"RIBBING" IN WHEAT.—Mr. Thos. Noble, of
Stark County, near Massillon, whom we visited a few
days since, practices a mode of putting in wheat
which is called in his native country, (England), "rib-
bing," and from his experience in this country, he
is convinced that it is superior to the common mode
of sowing, at least for his kind of soil, which is a
fine hazel loam, or what was called "oak plains" in
that region, and is well adapted to this crop. After
the land has been thoroughly ploughed and harrowed,
fill it in with what would commonly be called good
order for sowing. Mr. Noble goes over it with small
narrow one horse ploughs, made for the purpose, and
which leaves the land in open furrows, four or
five inches deep and ten or eleven inches apart; the
seed is then sown, one bushel to the acre, and the
ground harrowed once over, lengthwise of the fur-
rows. This harrowing brings the seed into the fur-
rows and covers it there, and leaves slight ridges
between, so that the plants appear as if drilled in
rows and the ridges afford them protection in winter,
and keep the ground in a mellow state in summer,
besides affording a free circulation of air, &c. We
think the plan eminently worthy of trial, especially
on such lands as are subject to "winter-killing." It
is an improvement on the plan of ploughing in
wheat practised by many. With a gang of ploughs,
or machine for making three or four furrows at once,
which Mr. Noble intends to construct for this purpose,
the amount of labor will be very much reduced.—[Ohio Cultivator.

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Yours,
JOHN G. LOCKE.
Lowell, Sept. 6, 1845.—[Boston Cultivator.

Hints for the Season.

Autumn is a favorable part of the year for making
improvements on the farm. After the hay, the
wheat, and other small grains have been secured,
there is a lapse of time before the latter harvest
demands attention, which furnishes a good oppor-
tunity for clearing fields of stumps and stones, mak-
ing fences, improving meadows and pastures, re-
claiming swamps and wet lands, digging peat and
muck for manure, &c. The present season has been
so dry that wet grounds may be worked on to good
advantage, unless there should soon be heavy rain.

Moist grass-lands, whether in meadow or pasture,
are liable to be more or less injured by the growth
of bushes, rushes, and wild, worthless vegetation of
various kinds. The most effectual remedy for this
is thorough drainage, which should therefore be
the first object. Bushes had better be pulled up
root and branch. They generally grow in stools,
raised a little from the general bed of the field, and
may be readily torn up with a root-claw, (or in de-
ficiency of that, a plow), to which axes are attached.
When the bushes are large they should be cut, in
order to give a chance to get at the roots.

Tussocks of flat, wild grass, and small knobs, or
bunches caused by moles, ants, &c., frequently occur
on the surface of pastures and meadows. These
should be cut off. If not to tough, they may be
put at once into the hog-pen or barn-yard, to be
wrought into manure; or they may be piled in heaps
to lay till rotten before being used; or the hardest
and toughest tussocks may be burnt, as soon as they
are a little dried, and the ashes spread on grass
grounds, or used for other crops. They make a
large quantity of ashes, especially if taken from a
mucky soil, and they produce very good effects, (as
we have proved,) when spread on grass, turneps, or
grain. The best mode of burning is to collect the
tussocks into piles. Commence a fire in the centre,
and when a few get well on fire, heap on a large
quantity. The fire should grow slowly, with as
little flame as possible.

What is called a *hog-hole*, is a proper tool for cut-
ting tussocks. They should be ground to a sharp
edge, to do the work easily and well. We have
seen, at the implement warehouses in Boston, a tool
to be drawn by oxen or horses, for shaving excesses
from pastures and meadows. We have no per-
sonal knowledge of its operation. Will some one
who knows tell us how it works?

Peat or bog earth, destined for compost, or for
spreading on cultivated fields, is much better for
being dug some time before being used. The action
of the air, the frost, and the rains, dissipates its
sourness, and a partial fermentation or decomposi-
tion takes place, by which it is pulverized, and brought
into a good state to be applied to plants. The
banks of ditches should be hauled to the barn-yard,
or piled on dry land. If the ground is too soft and
mucky to admit of a team going on it, let the muck
remain where it is first thrown out till winter, when
the ground becomes frozen sufficiently to bear a
yoke of oxen and sled; and then the muck can be
easily cut into junks and carried off.

Peat or muck that has undergone a fermentation
mixed with ashes and saturated with urine, is one
of the best manures for gardens and nurseries that
can be used, as it contains few or no seeds of weeds
which will grow on dry ground.
That process of improving land called *PARING*
and *STRIPPING*, though seldom practised in this
country, we feel sure, from what we have seen,
might be adopted in many cases with excellent
advantage. The operation consists in cutting a
thin slice from the surface of sward or old grass
land. The sods are dried and burnt, and the ashes
spread over the land. It is most beneficial to clayey
soils and those impregnated with iron—the iron
being converted by the fire into what is called a
peroxide, in which state it is harmless to vegetation.
The advantages of paring and burning are sev-
eral; it destroys the seeds of weeds, and much of
the foul growth with which the land may be filled;
it also destroys many insects and their eggs, and
furnishes in the ashes and calcined earth, a powerful
manure, impregnated with alkaline salts and car-
bonaceous matter, which is found highly beneficial
in correcting the tenacity of clays, and converting
them into friable loams.

We are so well satisfied of the advantages of
this operation, that we intend to call attention to it
again, giving a more particular account of the pro-
cess and its effects. [Albany Cultivator.

The Potato Disease.

To the Editor of the Bangor Whig and Courier:

With your permission I propose to review some
of the opinions that have been entertained on the
subject of the death and rot of the potato.

And first of disease. Very learned professors
have asserted, and continue to repeat, that the potato
is diseased—dying out—and most persons believe
it, and the question is often asked, what shall be
substituted for the potato? The sudden death of the
potato, and the subsequent rotting of the tubers,
are said to result from disease in the seed planted.
But what are the facts offered to demon-
strate the accuracy of this theory? Simply that
the tops die, and the tubers rot. And what does
this prove? Nothing. On the other hand, the
potato tops the present season, were seldom, if ever,
more thrifty, or gave greater promise of an abun-
dant yield. Up to the hour of their death, the potato
tops of every variety, to all appearance, were never
more healthy or vigorous. If this fact affords any
evidence of decay in the plant, the advocates of
disease may have all the benefit to be derived from it.

It is said by others that the potato top is killed by
a worm, eating into the stalk near the ground, and
making his abode there. This is true every year to a
greater or less extent; but the effect is, not to rot
or to kill the stalk, but it merely dries up, as it would
if cut off. Plants killed by the potato worm
emit no unpleasant smell; and, therefore, the rust of
the present season is not caused by a worm.

Others again assert that it is a little black bug
that has killed the potato tops. I have examined a
number of fields with particular reference to this
bug. This bug is about the size of a skipper, and
will jump as many times its length, as a flea,
and as near as I am able to estimate, would number
about as many to a hill of potatoes, as there are
fleas in a well instructed family of flea catchers.
So much for the "little black bug." Now to the
remedy. Doct. Jackson says:—"I learn that where
line has been used in the proportion of about a
table spoonful to a hill, that there no disease has
appeared." In the same paper he asserts:—"No
peculiarities of soil or of manures, appear to afford
any explanation, for the plant appears to have been
affected in one as much as the other." This last is
true. But how is the common farmer to be instructed
by the above statements. Doct. Jackson is a
strong advocate for the use of lime as a manure,
and by putting about a table spoonful in a hill, does
the lime cease to act as a manure, and operate as
medicine to a diseased plant?
Again he says: "that after vines had become

affected, the best remedy was to cut the stems off
close to the ground." This was intended, doubt-
less, for the instruction of farmers, but before adopt-
ing it, I would inquire if it is based upon scientific
principles. If we would kill bushes, root and
branch, science has told us to cut the stems off
close to the ground, in August. Thistles and
weeds are killed by the same process. The roots
of thistles and bushes are killed, more certainly in
August than in any other month, because the hot
weather of that month is more sure to produce fer-
mentation, or in other words, to rot the roots. But
Doct. Jackson says that when the vines of the potato
become "affected," that is, dead, the best remedy to
keep it alive, to prevent the tubers rotting, is, to cut
its head off!

He says again: "I observed that the potato be-
gan to rot next to the skin, and the disease penetra-
ted inward in many cases to the depth of half an
inch." This description is true, and applies to
Maine as well as New York, and proves to my
mind that the potato had no internal disease, but
was made to rot by an external influence. This
external influence was fermentation. But the po-
tato, it is said, rotted principally after they were
dug and in the cellar. Very true, and what was the
cause? The month of August was extremely dry
and warm in New York, and the month of Septem-
ber, in Maine; and although the vines were killed
some time before digging, there was not moisture
enough in the tuber, or in the soil, to produce fer-
mentation. The fermentation being partial or in-
complete produced a dry rot. When put in the
cellar in large piles, moisture collected and caused
rot. This has been a wet season, and the rot is not
altogether external, or dry. The doctors would call
this difference in the rot, I presume, a new type of
the old disease.

A GREENBURY FARMER.

IMPROVED FARMING.—An Experiment, of Easton,
Talbot county, Maryland, informs us that in 1840,
he bought a farm of 200 acres, of what was consid-
ered worn-out land. The year before he bought it,
it was cultivated by a man who was thought a good
farmer, and its produce was 410 bushels of corn, 31
bushels of wheat, and 115 bushels of oats, "all told,
and no hay nor pastureage." Its present produce is
just respect a most extraordinary crop of wheat of a
piece of land in that township, measuring 70 yards
less than half of a Cheshire acre. It is a beauti-
ful sample of yellow wheat, the seed of which was
grown in Kirby. The produce of this small lot of
land, was delivered at the mill, 53 bushels, of 70
lbs. each, and warehoused for his own use 11 heaped-
up imperial bushels. We believe the annals of
agriculture do not record such a crop under any cir-
cumstances; and, viewed in the droughty season is
considered, in conjunction with the hot, sandy nature
of the soil, it is wonderful. The produce speaks
volumes in favor of small farms and the allotment
system, for although the ploughing and harrowing
of this piece of land was in the ordinary manner,
yet there is no doubt that the large crop may be as-
cribed to the cultivation of the land previously. The
year before, it had been planted with potatoes and
cabbages, and had been trenched to the depth of four
feet.—[Liverpool Albion.

EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF WHEAT.—Wm. Taylor,
market-gardener, of Middle-cum-Lincoln, has
just raised a most extraordinary crop of wheat of a
piece of land in that township, measuring 70 yards
less than half of a Cheshire acre. It is a beauti-
ful sample of yellow wheat, the seed of which was
grown in Kirby. The produce of this small lot of
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cabbages, and had been trenched to the depth of four
feet.—[Liverpool Albion.

THE SHAKERS AT NEW LEBANON. A corres-
pondent of the Boston Transcript, who has been
sightseeing at the Lebanon Springs, gives an interest-
ing account of the Shaker community in that vil-
lage. Their settlement here was commenced about
fifty years since, when the country was compara-
tively a wilderness, by a few men and women, the
followers of Ann Lee. They were poor and per-
secuted by those who differed from them in religious
belief, yet they persevered and have constantly in-
creased in numbers, wealth, and respectability.—
They own an excellent and rich territory of land
about five miles square, which he kept in the best
possible condition, divided into tillage, pasture and
woodland; and have upwards of one hundred
houses large and small, several of which are very
handsome.

Their property must be worth from five to seven
hundred thousand dollars, and I doubt whether a
million would purchase it; and they are adding to
it every year, all lands that can be purchased that
lie contiguous to their territory, and bid fair to have
as large a domain as the Van Rensselaerwick,
which is now the scene of so much contention.—
The rule by which they are governed is "Nothing
for show, everything for use and utility." They
sow, and tree, and frugally, and labor moderately, but
constantly. Their domestic arrangements are per-
fect.

They have a beautiful house of worship with an
oval roof, that cost them near \$30,000, machine
shop, sawing and carding mills, a tannery, smithery,
wheelwright shop, three stores, and numerous other
buildings where their manufactures are carried on.
They have also, large barns and outhouses, all of
which are kept perfectly neat and clean. One is a
large circular stone barn, 300 feet in circumference.
There are stalls in the basement for 100 head of
cattle, so arranged that they can be fed with great
ease from the circular row of hay in front of them,
without any waste material.

They have large herds of cattle, horses, swine
and sheep, all of which have every attention from
persons who devote their whole time to their care.
Their dairy is large, and their butter and cheese
commands about a quarter more price than any other
offered in the market.

The Mechanic's Saturday Night.

Now wife and children, let's be gay;
No work to do, and here's the day—
I was hard to earn, but never mind;
Hope rear'd the sheep, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toiled, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat.
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gained by labor, cannot cloy.

Come ye, who form my dear fireside—
My care, my comfort, and my pride;
Come now, let us close the night,
In harmless talk, and fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessings, peace,
And each domestic joy increases
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which heaven ordains.

For this and every blessing given,
Thankful, we'll bow the knee to heaven;
In God's own house, our voices raise;
With grateful notes of prayer and praise.

Sweet's the tranquility of heart,
Which public worship does impart;
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God designed,
Promote my health, improve my mind;
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthened week,
Through which with toil we rest we seek;
And by whose labor well is past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last.

LAMENESS IN COWS.—HORN AILE.—Mr. Editor.

As some of your correspondents have said consid-
erable on the subject of lame cows, it may not be
unprofitable for me to say something on the
subject. Now, sir, the lame disorder, as it is termed
in this vicinity, is nothing more nor less than the
horn ail; it commences at the extremity of the horn
and proceeds onward to the head. The horn being
so nearly connected to the spine, that, if it affects
it, the cow will be unable to rise; if merely irritated
the nerves become affected and the cow will be
lame, sometimes in one leg, sometimes the other,
according to the situation of the nerve.

I will give you some of the symptoms of this dis-
order as it prevails among us. The cow affected
with this disease will not fill herself, has great in-
clination to lie down; when she rises, she will ap-
pear to be stiff and frequently grunt, she will be
lame, sometimes in one limb, sometimes the other,
as it may be; at other times, the shoulder will pro-
trude, the hips move out of place. Now all these
difficulties can be demonstrated from the fact that
when the spine is irritated it will affect the nerves,
and the cow will be sorest or lamest where the
nerve is most affected; the cow will grow poor and
become weak, in consequence of which the sinews
or cords which holds the shoulders and hips will re-
move from their places by the ponderous weight of
the animal. The animal will be feverish, and alter
considerable time the hoofs will become hard and
grow out of shape.

I was induced to believe that the lameness origi-
nated from the irritation of the spine from the fact
of having a pair of twin heifers, some two or three
years ago taken with the above disorder; by observ-
ing the nerves to have been very much affected;
the nerves upon the surface were all in motion. I
immediately bored their horns and found them hol-
low. I was therefore convinced of the source of
their lameness. I have had several cows diseased
in the same way since, and always found the cause
from the source above stated. As to the disease
being foot ail or soft bone, in my opinion it is all a
humbug, for in every case where I have treated
them for the horn ail, I have invariably produced a
cure. For the cure of the horn ail or hollow horn,
there are various methods, the manner in which I
treat them, is to bore the horn in that part which is
diseased, with a gimlet, and keep them open a few days
and apply spirits of turpentine freely in the hollow,
back of the horn.

Orange, Mass.—[Ploughman.

WHITE SCOURS IN SHEEP.—This disorder is a
peculiarly violent and uncommon looseness, occa-
sioned by sheep feeding on putrescent vegetables,
especially the shells of turnips. The diseased sheep
must be separated from the flock, and three large
quantities of the following mixture be given to them
every second or third day, as the nature of the case
may require: mix half a pound of finely powdered
and sifted salt with one pint of old verjuice, and
then add half a pint of common whiskey. As pov-
erty of keep is the primary cause of this malady,
the animals must be allowed the best and most
wholesome of dry food, and should be carefully kept
from wet.—[Practical Farmer.

TO FATTEN POULTRY.—The following will be
found a quick and excellent food for fattening chick-
ens. Set rice over the fire with skimmed milk; let
it boil till the rice is quite swelled out, then add a
teaspoonful of sugar. Feed them three times a day
in common pans, giving them only as much as will
quite fill them at once. Let the pans be well wash-
ed and set in clean spring water, that no sources
may be conveyed to the fowls, as that prevents their
from fattening. Give them clean water, or the milk
of rice to drink. By this method the flesh will have
a clear whiteness, which no other food gives; and
when it is considered how far a pound of rice will
go, and how much time is saved by this mode, it
will be found to be cheap. It is said that a portion
of animal mixed with vegetable food, causes pov-
erty to thrive rapidly, but they should be confined to
a vegetable diet some time before they are killed.
A quantity of charcoal, broken in small pieces, and
placed within reach of the poultry, increases their
appetite, and promotes digestion.—[J. McIntosh.

PLOWING IN SEPTEMBER FOR CORN.—In this
county the wire-worm has made great destruction
in the corn for the last ten years. I have accident-
ally found out a remedy that has succeeded twice
in preventing the worm from destroying the young
corn. In September, 1842, I plowed part of a clover
and field in corn in the spring of 1843. The
part plowed in September, 1842, escaped the ravages
of the worm, while the land alongside, plowed
in the spring of 1843, was nearly all taken by the
worm. This induced me to try again, which I did
as before stated. To plow in November
and December will not, as I believe, be of any use
whatever, as a preventive against the worm. I have
known a field plowed in September, part in De-
cember, and the residue in March following. The
first escaped the ravages of the worm, the second
and last were both destroyed in a greater or less de-
gree—all in the same field. Now, if September
plowing will prevent the destroyer, it will save the
farmer many bushels of corn. It has succeeded in
three instances to my knowledge, the reason for
which I leave for others better qualified to ascertain.
[Farmer's Cabinet.

WIRE FENCES.—Permit me to refer you as a
pertinent answer to the inquiry of your correspond-
ent in your last number, upon the subject of wire
fencing, to certain questions and answers, contain-
ed in the Third Report of the Select Committee of
the British Parliament, appointed to inquire into the
state of agriculture, in the year 1836. As you may
not have the document at hand, I will transcribe the
passage.

The person under examination is L. Oliphant,
Esq., a member of Parliament from Scotland, who
cultivates a farm of his own in Perthshire, contain-
ing 800 acres.

"I am cultivating land now 800 and odd feet a-
bove the level of the sea, which two years ago was
entirely covered with heath. I have enclosed it
with wire fencing, at an expense of about a 6d a
yard, stones in that part of the country being of a
nature that do not stand the weather; well adapted
for farm-drains, but not at all for building walls,
and I have fallen upon a plan of wire fencing, with
oak posts, with five wires complete, which cost me
6d a yard.

Do you prefer that to planting hedges? I have
attempted hedges; it is a hard matter to contend
against a high climate and sheep.

Are those wire fences capable of resisting cattle?
They will resist anything. The fox-hunters will
complain loudly of the impossibility of getting over
the country.

What is the size of the top wire? It is No. 8,
and the remainder are No. 6."

From these data, the cost of such a fence in this
country may easily be computed. We, of course,
would use locust or cedar posts, which would be
preferable to even British oak, in point of durability;
and the difference between their cost here, and that
of the oak posts there, would go far to make up
any excess in the cost of wire fencing, which cost
there. There are many parts of the Atlantic
States, at least, where even the first cost of such a
wire fence would be less than that of one of boards,
or of posts and rails.

TRO.

[American Agriculturist.

STEAMER OREGON.</

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR

Of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, to be held at Readfield Corner, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (8th and 9th) of October, 1845.

The Trustees offer the following Premiums for the year 1845:

ON CROPS.

- For the best crop of Summer Wheat, not less than one acre, Diploma and \$4 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " third best do. do. one year's subscription to the Maine Farmer or Cultivator.
 " best crop of Indian Corn, one acre, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " third best do. do. one year's subscription to the Maine Farmer or Cultivator.
 " best crop of Rye, one acre, 3 00
 " best crop of Oats, one acre, 2 00
 " best crop of Oats and Peas, 1-3 pear, one acre, 3 00
 " best crop Wheat and Oats, 1-3 wheat, one acre, 4 00
 " best crop Rye and Oats, one acre, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " third best do. do. 2 00
 " best crop Flat Turnips, 1 50
 " best crop Onions, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best crop Potatoes, 1 acre, Diploma and 5 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " best crop do. do. 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " greatest quantity of Roots raised on 1 farm, exclusive of Potatoes raised for market, Diploma and 5 00
 " best crop Potatoes, 1-2 acre, 4 00
 " best crop Squashes, Crookneck or Marrow, not less than 1-2 ton, 4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " best crop Carrots, 1-4 acre, 3 00
 " best crop Flax, 1-4 acre 3 00
 " greatest quantity of Garden Seeds, not less than 10 lbs. and well cleaned, Diploma and 3 00
 " second do. do. 2 00
 " best specimen Grapes, not less than 20 lbs., to be examined in Committee of the Whole at the Fair Table.
 " best specimen Fall Apples, not less than one bushel, fit for use at the time of exhibition, and examined as above, 1 00
 To call the attention of all to the importance of this branch of husbandry, and to increase the number and quality of Fruit Trees.

For the best Number of Apple Trees or of Apple and Pear Trees already sown, or to be sown the ensuing fall—a statement of the location and character of the soil, the process of preparing the ground, the kind of seeds, whether from promiscuous fruit, to be given in writing—not less than 1-8 acre, Diploma and \$2 00
 To the person who shall, the present season, most improve his Fruit Trees by Engrafting—the number and kind of scions set, and the mode of setting, to be stated—Diploma and \$3 00
 To the person who shall raise the greatest quantity and best quality of Winter Apples—a statement of the quantity, and a specimen of the several varieties, to be presented to the Adjudging Committee—Diploma and \$3 00

ON STOCK.

- For the best yoke Working Oxen, Diploma and \$4 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " third best do. do. 3 00
 " fourth best do. do. one year's subscription to the Maine Farmer or Cultivator.
 " best pair fat Oxen, 5 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " best team of Oxen from any town in the County, not less than ten pairs, 12 00
 " third best do. do. 10 00
 " best team 3 years old Steers, as above, 8 00
 " second best do. do. 5 00
 " best pair 3 yrs old Steers, Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best pair two years old Steers, 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best pair yearling Steers, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best pair Steer Calves, 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best Bull, not less than two years old, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " third best do. do. 3 00
 " best yearling Bull, Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. Vol. Maine Farmer or Cultivator.
 " best Bull Calf, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best Milch Cow, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 4 00
 " third best do. do. 3 00
 " best two years old Heifer, Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best yearling Heifer, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best Heifer Calf, 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 50
 " best flock Merino Ewes, not less than ten, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 50
 " third best do. do. 3 00
 " best flock of Ewes of any other breed, or any cross, 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best Merino Buck, Diploma and 4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " third best do. do. 3 00
 " best Buck of any other breed, or cross, 2 50
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best flock fat Wethers, Vol. Me. Farmer or Cultivator.
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best lot of Lambs, not less than five, 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best Boar, of any breed, Vol. Me. Farmer or Cultivator and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 2 50
 " third best do. do. 2 00
 " best Brood Sow, 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " best litter of Pigs, not less than six, 2 50
 " second best do. do. 2 00
 " third best do. do. 2 00
 To the person who shall plough 1-8 acre of land in the best manner, 5 00
 " second do. do. 4 00
 " third do. do. 3 00
 " fourth do. do. Vol. Me. Farmer or Cultivator.
 " person who shall have adopted the most economical method of keeping poultry; a statement of the number and kinds kept, the expense of keeping, the kinds and quantity of food given, the profits, and other particulars that may be important in conducting this branch of business, to be given in writing, 3 00
 " second do. do. 2 00

ON MANUFACTURES.

- To the person who shall, during the season, prepare, at the least expense, fifteen cords of Compost Manure, not more than one-third from barns and stables, a statement to be given in writing, for publication, of the materials, expense, and progress of manufacture, Diploma and \$4 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 For the best Sward Plough made in the Co., an improvement on those which have already received premiums of the Society, Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. 2 50
 " best Seed Plough, as above, 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best Grain Cradles, 1-2 doz., Diploma and 2 00
 " best Scythe Snaths, 1-2 dozen, 1 50
 " best Scythes, 1-2 dozen, 1 00
 " best Hay Forks, 1-2 doz., Diploma and 1 00
 " best Manure, 1-2 dozen, 1 00
 " best Shovels, 1-2 dozen, 2 00
 " best Narrow Axes, 1-2 dozen, 1 00
 " best Hoes, 1-2 dozen, 1 00
 " best Calf Skin Boots, men's sewed, 3 pairs, Diploma and 1 00
 " best do. do., pegged, do. do. 75
 " best Thick Boots, sewed, do. do. 75

- " best do. pegged, 50
 " best Walking Shoes, women's, Diploma and 50
 " best Kid Slippers, 1 00
 " best Over Shoes, 1 00
 " best Tanned Calf Skins, 1-2 dozen, Diploma and 1 00
 " best Cheese, not less than 50 lbs., Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " third best do. do. Vol. Maine Farmer or Cultivator.
 " best Butter, not less than 40 lbs., Diploma and 3 00
 " second best do. do. 3 00
 " third best do. do. Vol. Maine Farmer or Cultivator.

- A written statement of the manner of manufacturing Butter and Cheese will be required.
 " best Sleigh or Wagon Harness, Diploma and 1 00
 " best specimen of Felled Cloth, not less than 8 yards, manufactured in family, Diploma and 1 50
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best specimen Woolen Frocking, not less than 10 yards, stripe 3 and 2, Diploma and 1 50
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best specimen Woolen Flannel, 10 yards, 1 00
 " best specimen Cotton and Woolen Flannel, 10 yards, 75
 " best Bed Spread, Diploma and 1 00
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " best Woolen Carpeting, 20 yards, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 50
 " best Hearth Rug, Diploma and 1 00
 " second best do. do. 1 00
 " third best do. do. 50
 " best Worsted Yarn, Diploma and 75
 " best Linen Thread, Diploma and 50
 " best Sewing Silk, Diploma and 75
 " best Wove Silk, Diploma and 1 00
 " best Work Pocket, Diploma and 50
 " best Wrought Wristlets, 50
 " best Highland Shawl, Diploma and 1 00
 " second best do. do. 75
 " best Lace Veil, 75
 " best Straw Bonnet, Diploma and 50
 " second best do. do. 50
 " best Fur Cape, Diploma and 50
 " best substitute for Fur Cape, 50
 " best Oil Cloth Carpeting, Diploma and 1 00
 " greatest quantity Maple Sugar, with a written statement of the process of manufacturing, Vol. Maine Farmer or Cultivator and 1 00
 " best Window Sash, not less than 12 lights, Diploma and 1 00
 " best 4 or 6 Panel Door, Diploma and 1 00
 " best specimen Cabinet Work, not less than three pieces, Diploma and 2 00
 " best 1 Horse Team Wagon, Diploma and 2 00
 " second best do. do. 1 50
 " best specimen Window Blinds, Diploma and 1 00
 " best specimen Knit Edging, Diploma and 50

ADJUDGING COMMITTEES.

- On Crops—Moses Taber, Vassalboro'; Oliver Bean, Readfield; Wm. Foster, Augusta; Amasa Porter, Mt. Vernon; Oaks Howard, Winthrop.
 On Working Oxen—Daniel Marston, Mt. Vernon; John Huzzey, Hallowell; Jonathan Whiting, Winthrop.
 On Teams of Oxen and Steers—Moses B. Sears, Winthrop; Levi Thing, Hallowell; Elisha Kent, Readfield.
 On Steers and Steer Calves—Henry G. Cole, Hallowell; Henry White, Readfield; Moses Palmer, Fayette.
 On Bulls and Bull Calves—Leavitt Lathrop, Leeds; Francis Wingate, Hallowell; Taber Lynn, Readfield; John Stevens, Mt. Vernon.
 On Cows, Heifers, and Heifer Calves—George Williamson, Pittston; G. W. Stanley, Augusta; Elisha C. Carson, Mt. Vernon; Joseph C. Whitier, Readfield.
 On Sheep—Elijah Barrell, Greene; Charles Grant, Augusta; Benjamin Porter, Vienna; David Sampson, Readfield.
 On Beef Oxen and Fat Wethers—Simeon Cary, Hallowell; Lewis Chase, Fayette; John Glidden, Winthrop.
 On Swine—Dexter Baldwin, Mt. Vernon; Dudley Fogg, Readfield; Asa Smiley, Sidney; Truxton Wood, Winthrop.
 On Ploughs and Ploughing—George Fairbanks, Wayne; Nathan Philbrook, Mt. Vernon; William Winslow, Hallowell.
 On Variety of Apple Trees, Apple and Pear Trees, Improvement of Fruit Trees by Engrafting, Greatest Quantity of Winter Apples, Compost Manures, and the most Economical and Profitable Method of Keeping Poultry—Isaac Gage, Augusta; Russell Eaton, Augusta; James Fillebrown, Readfield.
 On Agricultural Implements—Rodney G. Lincoln, Hallowell; Thomas Pierce, Readfield; John Hennes, Augusta; Rufus Moody, Monmouth.
 On Butter, Cheese, Apples, Grapes, and Sugar—Wm. A. Drew, Augusta; J. P. Flegg, Hallowell; Calvin Hopkins, Mt. Vernon.
 On Boots, Shoes, Harnesses, Calf Skins, Oil Cloth Carpeting, Cabinet Work, Doors, Sashes, and Blinds—John Dunham, Readfield; Elijah Jacobs, Winthrop; Ezra Bonney, Readfield.
 On Felled Cloth, Woolen Flannel, Bed Spreads, Woolen Carpeting, Frocking, Hearth Rugs, Worsted Yarn, Linen Thread, and Cotton and Woolen Flannel—Timothy O. Howe, Readfield; Mrs. John Lambert, Readfield; Mrs. Daniel Craig, Readfield; Mrs. George Williamson, Pittston; Mrs. Francis Wingate.
 On Sewing Silk, Wove Silk, Silk Hose, Silk Gloves, Work Pockets, Wrought Wristlets, Highland Shawls, Lace Veils, Knit Edging, Straw Bonnets, Fur Capes, and Substitute for Fur Capes—Ephraim Wood, Winthrop; Mrs. John Smith, Readfield; Mrs. S. P. Benson, Winthrop; Miss Emily Currier; Mrs. Jesse Aiken, Hallowell; Mrs. E. O. Bean, Readfield.
 Incidental Committee—Ezekiel Holmes, Winthrop; Horace Parlin, Winthrop; Nathaniel Graves, Vienna; Mrs. Peleg Benson, Winthrop; Mrs. Dexter Baldwin, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Alden Sampson, Hallowell; Mrs. Lot M. Morrill, and Mrs. Timothy O. Howe, Readfield.
 Committee of Arrangements—O. Bean, John O. Craig, and Dudley Haines, Readfield.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

1. All entries for premiums on animals, and such articles and crops as are adjudged upon at the Show, must be made with the Secretary, Emory O. Bean, at Readfield Corner, before the first day of the Exhibition, or with Russell Eaton, at the Maine Farmer Office, Augusta, two days previous to the time stated above.
 2. Entries for premiums on crops, and such experiments as come before adjudging committees at a later period, may be made at any time before the 15th of December.
 3. Written statements required by law upon stock and crops, also the statements on the mode of making butter and cheese, must be delivered to the adjudging committees before they commence their examination, and by them left with the Secretary of the Society, after the examination is ended, to be forwarded to the Secretary of State as required by law.
 4. To be entitled to a premium, the animal must be owned, the crop raised, and the article manufactured within the County.
 5. No premiums will be awarded when the adjudging committees do not deem the object worthy, whether there be competition or not, nor to any object in this County, under the same entry.
 6. Persons appointed adjudging committees are earnestly requested to make arrangements to attend to the duties assigned them, and if circumstances will not permit, to inform the Secretary before the first day of the Show, or that others may be appointed in their stead. The principles upon which the premiums are to be awarded, have been so often stated before, that it is not deemed necessary to repeat them.
 7. The incidental committee will examine and report upon all animals, crops, and articles offered for exhibition, which are deemed interesting and useful; but are not embraced in the preceding list, or do not come strictly within the prescribed rules to govern adjudging committees.
 NATHAN FOSTER, DANIEL CRAIG, DANIEL THING, Trustees.

POVERTY IN ENGLAND.—It is well known that the convicted thief in England fares much better than the honest pauper; that the former receives more bread, beef and beer per diem, and of a better quality, than the inmates of a workhouse. Shortly before the termination of the last session of Parliament, Mr. Wakely presented a petition from an Andover farmer and one of the guardians of the workhouse in that town, complaining that men who were in the workhouse and who were employed in crushing bones, had been in the habit of selecting from the heaps of bones they had to crush such as had gristle on them and marrow in them, and that they were hungry enough to eat such gristle and marrow! Sir James Graham has ordered that no more bone-crushing work shall be performed by paupers in any of the workhouses; but independent of the charge of withholding food from the Andover Union paupers, there are other equally serious charges brought against the master of this Union, and a prolonged inquiry into their truth or falsehood has been going on at Andover.

It is admitted by the poor law commissioners that the paupers were so hungry that they had decayed bones in an ash-pit till they had an opportunity to pick them and get out the marrow; and that oftentimes the paupers quarrelled with each other for the possession of the bones, which even a dog would not carry off! It is charged against the master of the work-house that he withheld a portion of the paupers' food, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. The Andover farmer, who drew up the petition referred to, and which was presented to Parliament, is ready to prove that many of the bones which he saw in the heaps at the Andover Union were human bones! These bones were placed in the same heaps with those of horses and oxen; and it may be presumed that these starving paupers were not capable of judging as to whether they were in possession of the bones of the former or the latter, and they eagerly gnawed either indiscriminately. This is a most shocking case, and one which has caused the greatest excitement. The Times sent a reporter to Andover to report the whole proceedings of the inquiry into this horrible system of keeping paupers. It is not to be wondered at that men, women and children break windows, or steal some trifling article, in order to be sent to prison as the only means of escaping starvation; for in a prison they will receive bread, meat, cheese and beer; but if they are honest paupers, and knock at the door of a workhouse, they are admitted to be fed on the marrow of human bones! [Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.]

Mr. Everett, who attended the Horticultural Society's Festival in Boston, on the same day that he landed from Europe, spoke in the following agreeable and patriotic strain of the approach to the shores of his country,—in reply to a complimentary toast.

"I regret that I am so little able to thank you in a proper manner. I have been so lately rocking upon the Atlantic—whose lullaby is not always of the 'Old Land of Liberty'—to which your kind note of this morning invited me. I almost unconsciously catch at the table to steady myself, expecting that the flowers and fruits will fetch away in some leech lurch; and even the pillars of Old Fenwick Hall—not often felled out of the true plumb line—seem to reel over my head. And as I look around and behold so many well-remembered countenances; and as I listen to the friendly cheers with which you are so kind as to receive the announcement of my name, I feel at length that I am indeed at home."

"Something of this grateful feeling has been for some days growing upon my mind. We seemed almost to have reached the goal, when we found ourselves a week ago on the edge of the Grand Bank—we were in soundings in American waters, and in the ancient and favorite field of New England industry. The shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, as we coasted along them, seemed to have a claim upon us as a part of our native continent;—that I am hardly fit for a rocking in the 'Old Land of Liberty' to which your kind note of this morning invited me. I almost unconsciously catch at the table to steady myself, expecting that the flowers and fruits will fetch away in some leech lurch; and even the pillars of Old Fenwick Hall—not often felled out of the true plumb line—seem to reel over my head. And as I look around and behold so many well-remembered countenances; and as I listen to the friendly cheers with which you are so kind as to receive the announcement of my name, I feel at length that I am indeed at home."

"It would be impossible, sir, to describe the emotions awakened in my mind by the different objects on the bay—borne on the iron wings of steam, till at last the welcome sight of Boston burst upon me, as she sat enthroned between her sister heights, presenting to me, as it were, within her family embrace and immediate vicinity, every spot most dear to a man on earth—the place of my birth, the haunts of my childhood, the scenes of my education and early life, the resting place of my fathers—every thing, in short, which a tender and dutiful patriotism comprehends in the sacred name of home."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot say much to you this evening. I need repose, bodily and mental, and would gladly find it in listening to the eloquent voices of those around me. Some painful feelings crowd upon me as I sit at Halifax; the mournful news of an event which has done more to darken the light of every circle he entered; whose death will be felt not in America alone as a public calamity; from whose long-continued friendship I had promised myself a cordial welcome on my return. Allow me, sir, the gratification and solace of being a listener; and let me only express the hope that, ere more than five years' absence—during which period, time, I am sure, has been doing his work on the outer man—you will find the inner man unchanged in all that you ever honored with your indulgent and friendly regard, and to assure you that I return with no wish or ambition but to engage with you in the performance of the duties of a good citizen; in the hope of sharing with you the enjoyment of the prosperity with which a gracious Providence has been pleased to bless the land in which we live."

Abby Kelley, the well known Anti-Slavery lecturer, was carried by force out of the Orthodox Quaker Meeting at Mount Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio, on the 7th inst. She endeavored to address the meeting on the subject of slavery, and, being requested to desist, declined doing so on the ground that she felt it to be her duty to speak. She was then removed by force. The affair created much excitement.

Essence of Coffee.—Mr. E. L. Szadocky has commenced among us the manufacture of this article, which he says is already in extensive use in Europe among the higher classes. A quart bottle of this essence costs but six shillings, and will make from one to two hundred cups of excellent coffee, according to the size of the cup, and the taste of the drinker.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1845.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

Wanted, at this office, a young man from sixteen to seventeen years of age, to learn the printing business. One who can come well recommended for industrious habits, good abilities, and correct moral principles, will meet with encouragement.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.—No. 2. BY A STRAGGLING EDITOR. BOSTON, Sept. 13, 1845.

Dear Pub. and P. D.'s:—Whoever travels by stage from Boston to Plymouth, and thence capeward, sees the poorest part of Uncle Sam's heritage, known by the cognomen of "Old Colony." The country through Dorchester, Quincy, and some parts of Hingham, is more fertile than that further south, and bears marks of the advantage of the proximity to so good a market, as the hundred and twenty thousand hungry stomachs of Boston afford. From Scituate, and further "down south," you travel over a sandy country with a thin soil—exceptions to this may be found in a few tracts which you pass in Hanover and Pembroke. The farmers appear to have cultivated the land rather better than most of us "up east" do; and, indeed, if they didn't their labor would be a dead loss, for where the soil is deficient in fertility it is of course requires a greater degree of skill and industry to make it produce anything.

In one respect we were sorry to see too much neglect, and that was in the management of the old orchards. The young orchards looked well—were pruned, and well taken care of; but the old orchards, and almost every farm has one of these old monuments of other days upon it, were too much neglected. They probably have failed in vigor and productiveness, and are therefore left to grapple with all the ills which feeble and neglected old age must suffer, if left to its own unsaid feeble powers.—Hence, crowded and unpruned tops, and trunks surrounded with unsightly suckers, are seen as you pass along, telling a rather sorry tale of the lack of care in their owners. Better cut the whole of them down than leave them in that unprofitable state.—We were glad to find one exception to this, in a farmer next north of Collamore's, in Pembroke, who has brought the spirit of reform upon the premises in one short year, both in buildings and trees, and is fitting up a pleasant and tasteful abode. His old trees had been pruned, and put into a shape becoming such veterans. The pleasure he has already taken has undoubtedly been an ample reward, and we give him a traveller's thanks, whoever he may be, to boot.

There is another fact which we noticed among some of the farmers on the pine plains, different from what it used to be in the days of our boyhood, and that is, the discontinuance of sheep husbandry and increase of horse husbandry. We believe that there are not many horses raised by them, and yet every one has one, two, or more, but not a sheep to "lay their jaws to." We don't suppose that it would be advisable for them to go largely into the wool-growing business—but small flocks of South Down sheep for mutton, for their own use, and for market, could not but be profitable stock. No better stock could be kept by them for renovating their old fields, if at the same time they should adopt the cultivation of clover, with a generous application of those manures which afford alkaline stimulants, which their soil greatly needs.

We returned to Boston yesterday. The city is as quiet and peaceable as usual; but we saw while crossing the Winnisimmet ferry the "makings of a war" as our friend John of the Emerald Isle would say, at the navy yard.

In the dock were two vessels undergoing the fixings to equip them for a trip to the Gulf, in order to grin the Mexicans into peace. One of them, we were told, was the United States, and one the "Boxer," of Enterprise and Boxer memory. We suppose we have got the names right; at any rate, Uncle Sam was very busy in the matter, for there were plenty of carpenters, and riggers, and Jack tars about, all alive and kicking for the glory of the nation. Two big hulks of lumberly 74s—the Independence and Franklin—were dozing at the wharf like a couple of sleeping mastiffs, all for the glory of the nation, and at a little distance south, the big Ohio loomed up at her anchorage, tall and large, all ready for sea, when the commander in chief should "let slip the dogs of war and cry havoc," all for the glory of the nation. This is the ship that Burritt is so worried about, for fear she will get stranded and lost on the reef bones that are daily thrown overboard from her. Surely national glory is a costly bubble. If a hundredth part of the money expended to sustain it, were expended in training the youth in the true principles of justice and integrity—of love to God and love of the neighbor, there would be no call for such armaments and expensive supplies of guns and trumps and barrelled thunder, compounded from brimstone, charcoal and "villainous saltpetre."

It is perhaps true, that while the rest of the world are fools enough to go to war, we too should be prepared to answer them according to their folly; but there is no necessity of being bigger fools than others, or playing the fool more expensively than the absolute folly of nations requires. But enough of this. Let Uncle Sam show fight if he must, but not strike, except in self defence. We will turn from Wars to Flora. In "loafing" up Tremont street we found ourself all at once in one of the most pleasant rooms in all Boston, viz. J. L. L. F. Warren's Horticultural Salon. It is in the Tremont temple as it is now called—a building wholly devoted to the disciples of Theopis and the Devil, under the name of the Tremont theatre. The doors stood open so invitingly, and the floral decorations looked so charming, that one cannot help considering it all got up for his special benefit; and then he finds the proprietor so kind and obliging—so ready to explain to you the varieties and beauties of fruit and flowers before you, that you feel perfectly at home 'tween strangers. On his table you will find an assortment of interesting books on Agricultural and Horticultural subjects, and a sofa in the rear for you to lounge upon and take your ease as if you were really at your "own inn." He has taken pains to obtain a great variety of grass seeds, and while examining them the

question arose between us whether the "fowl meadow" grass was an *Agrostis* or *Poa*? Has he ascertained yet? or can any one tell us? There are two kinds of fowl meadow grass sold among you "up East." One is a fine grass, and is what Botanists call *Agrostis stolonifera*. This is a slender grass-like Red top, that takes root at the joints and thus propagates itself thereby. The true fowl meadow is a coarser grass, but has similar habits as the other. We were highly pleased with the neatness and systematic arrangement of this floral retreat, and would advise our friends to give it a visit when they go to the "city of notions," as it certainly is one of the most rational notions that has been carried into practice in "that ilk" lately.

Speaking of the Tremont theatre reminds us, that it was thought to be a great triumph of moral reform to convert it into a house of worship. It certainly was, but whether, after all, the reform is actually so great as the friends of real reform anticipated, is to our mind very doubtful. It is true the great monster is dead, but in his stead reign some three or four little monsters, which may do as much mischief. There is, for instance, the National theatre, we believe it is called, and the Museum, and the Olympic; all holding "the mirror up to Nature," and showing many a hideous and distorted image to the play-going community. Whether one great stage is more conducive to immorality than three or four little ones, is a question of metaphysical mathematics which we shall leave for others to decide, who are more expert at splitting hairs than your humble servant.

To-morrow we intend to steam it "o'er mountain and moor," into Albany, and thence to U. T. K. to see the Cattle Show of the Empire State.

Cattle Shows.

The season of the farmers' festivals is upon us. The Cattle Shows and Fairs of the several County Societies in this State will be held during October, and we hope will be well attended by those for whose benefit and pleasure they are intended, and that is the whole community.

We are aware that there is much apathy with some on this subject. We are aware that there is much real, but to us unaccountable, hostility to them in the minds of others. What subject of any importance to society is there that does not receive opposition? Prejudice—local jealousies—narrow views of men and things, are always at work, and if any thing of real service or value to society is to be done, it must be done by those who are ready and prepared to meet all the objections and obstacles which may be thrown in the way.

We hope that the Show of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, which is to be held in Readfield on Wednesday and Thursday next, will be well attended. And we do hope that the real friends of Agriculture will come forward with a spirited determination to push the cause with a zeal and discretion that will be crowned with success. We hope, too, that the spirit of kindness and concession will prevail—for it is no secret, that there is a little "root of bitterness" springing up between different sections, which ought not to be nurtured.

The show of stock we anticipate will be very good, and we have no doubt that the ladies will bring forward, as usual, beautiful specimens of their skill and industry in the different departments of the dairy and household. We have sometimes thought that after all they were the best farmers in the country. At any rate the country would be a poor farm without them.

I. O. of O. F. The report of P. G. M. James L. Ridgeley, Corresponding Secretary of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, presented at its late session, gives the following information: The number of Lodges under its jurisdiction, is 677, with 61,630 contributing members, and a revenue of \$499,194.24. Total amount of brothers relieved, 6,834; number of widowed families relieved, 476; number of brothers buried, 329; amount paid for relief of brothers, \$97,487.54; amount paid for relief of widowed families, \$10,072.88; amount paid for education of orphans, \$3,285; for burying the dead, \$13,820.91—making the grand total of relief, \$124,689.27.

RELEASED. Twenty-seven Americans, who were taken prisoners in Canada during the troubles in that country, a few years since, and sent to Van Dieman's Land, have been released, and are on their way home. So says the U. S. Consul at the port of Monterey, in a communication to the Government of this country, dated May 30, 1845. Thirty-six still remain prisoners.

The Whigs of Massachusetts held a State Convention in Boston, on Wednesday of last week, and nominated as their candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor, to be supported at the coming election, the present incumbents, viz., George N. Briggs of Pittsfield, and John Reed of Yarmouth.

The "oldest inhabitants" of Boston affirm that the past summer has had the longest "spell" of the hottest weather that that city has known for twenty-three years. We have experienced a few warm days in this cold region.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for October is received. It contains two fine steel-plate engravings, and is filled, as usual, with useful and entertaining matter.

HON. LEVI WOODBURY has received the appointment of Justice of U. S. Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Joseph Story.

MR. GOUGH.—The friends of the Temperance cause are looking with much interest for Mr. Gough's statement or confession. There have been several published purporting to come from him, but they have been proved to be all a hoax. As soon as we are sure that there is a genuine statement from his hand, published, we will give it to our readers.

THEY'LL TAKE LEG RAIL. The company of notorious counterfeiters, recently arrested near Lexington, Ky., have been held to bail for their appearance at the next term of the court, in the enormous sum of four hundred dollars each! Great country, that, for rascals.

"A BOAT, A BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY."—The Editor of the Concord Freeman says he will send down the hull of that big cucumber for us to cross the Kennebec in. Do friend, and if you don't beat the three wise men of Gotham what went to sea in a bowl, there's no improvement in the age "sartain." Will there be a chance for cabin passengers?

A Mr. Fox having married a Miss Henn, an exchange paper speaks of it as a *fool* transaction.

The Democratic Banner, published at Norwalk, Conn. is for sale. The present proprietor, Mr. Geo. Waitte, formerly of this place, being about to enter upon a different business, will dispose of his establishment upon advantageous terms to a capable and affords a good remuneration to its publisher.

The U. S. frigate Constitution, Capt. Percival, on her passage from Borneo to Canton, put into Tuen Bay, Cochinchina, to refit and repair the ship. Although this place is the principal sea-port of the Kingdom of Cochinchina, yet there was a stranger to be found in the place, and no communication was to be had with the natives, except through a servant of one of the officers, and that by writing of the authorities would visit the ship, (the officers about.) When the Mandarin came on board, a letter was secretly delivered to one of the officers, to be from a Frenchman in the name of Le Verre, to the Vicar of Cochinchina, stating that he had been seized by the Government, put in irons, and condemned to death. The Mandarin had returned to the shore, before the contents of this letter were ascertained; when Capt. P. determined to demand the armed force. As he could get no answer, he sent eight of the Highest or Chief Mandarin, he seized three of the Mandarins, and subsequently took possession, with three of the ship's boats, of three of their junk boats. The gunboats fled at the approach of our boats, and the soldiers were much frightened and fled when our men charged them.

The Junks and Mandarins were subsequently released.—[Boston Atlas.]

RAIL ROAD ORGANIZATION.—The proceedings of the meeting of the Shareholders of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company, were resumed yesterday morning at nine o'clock, but on a statement from the Committee of scrutiny, that a counting of the ballots was completed, the meeting was adjourned to 11 o'clock.

At 11 o'clock, the committee reported, that eleven of the thirteen had been elected by a majority of all the votes. The whole number of shares represented was 6129.—necessary for a choice 3883.

After a suspension of proceedings for the purpose of consultation, for half an hour, the ballots were received, for the purpose of filling the two vacancies, and the list was completed.

Mr. Henry Goddard addressed the meeting in some remarks on the importance of pursuing the work on a system of economical arrangements and moderate salaries.

On motion of Judge Preble, it was voted to print the Charter and By-Laws in pamphlet form for the use of the stockholders.

The proceedings were completed between one and two o'clock, and the meeting was then adjourned without day.

The following is the complete list of the Directors:

Wm. P. Preble, of Portland; James Deering, of Westbrook; John Mussey, of Portland; John B. Brown, John Anderson, Philadelphia; J. S. Smith, Josiah S. Little, John A. Farmer, Thomas Hammond, George Turner, of Portland; John A. Poor, of Bangor; Ezra F. Beal, of Norway.—[Portland Advertiser.]

U. S. GRAND

FROM RIO JANEIRO.—Letter received by the Nauticus, at Baltimore, and published in the American, under date of August 3, says that the British Minister has received despatches from Montevideo, stating that the English and French have placed a man-of-war alongside of each of Rosas' vessels of war off Montevideo, and informed them that they could not move. Rosas has been defeated in the interior by Paz and Lopez, and was forcing every man from 14 to 70 years of age into his army as a last struggle. He is doubtless near his political end. Coffee continues very scarce. Montevideo advises to the 19th ult., that a French brig-of-war was hauled up to the head of the harbor, for the protection of the left wing of the lines, and the British Commodore has anchored in a position outside, to bear upon the enemy on the right wing. These movements evince a hostile character in anticipation.

A letter from Rio de Janeiro, under date of the 9th of August, states, that dates from Buenos Ayres have been received at Rio, which report the action of the British and French Ministry having left. The Buenos Ayres squadron had been taken by the English and French, and Orléans warned to retire from before Montevideo.

FROM AFRICA.—Captain Caraway, of the brig Margaret Ann, arrived this morning from Senegal, Africa, which place he left on the 18th of July. He informs us that about the first of June, the brig Henry, Capt. Shultz, and from Salem, Mass., was boarded by boats from the Portuguese man-of-war bark Ralampazo, the officers of which demanded Captain Shultz's papers. They then asked permission to go below and overhaul the cargo, which Captain Shultz refused to allow them. The Portuguese officers then called their boats' crews on board, the Captain of the Margaret Ann was seized and placed in charge of sentinels with fixed bayonets. The Portuguese crew then took the long boat off the docks, went below, and after searching the vessel, allowed her to proceed.

Captain Shultz also reports that the British man-of-war brig Cygnus, cruising off the Caribbean Islands, sends her boats into the harbor, lands her crew, and allows them to rob the negroes of their property, money, &c., and commit outrages on the female portion of the race.

Capt. Hendrickson, of the brig Margaret Ann, died while on the coast of Africa.

[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]

The following is an extract of a letter received from an officer of the 7th Infantry, dated

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, Sept. 12, 1845.

Dear Sir.—Gloom like a pall hangs over all our whole camp, and the day is dark and gloomy. The day before yesterday, at 10 o'clock, a heavy rain fell, and about 15 miles from here, and sunk in 8 feet of water. Seven persons were killed, and seventeen wounded. Among the killed were Lieutenants Higgins and Berry of the 4th Infantry; the other names I do not know. The day before yesterday, the rain was found. These, though, were all the officers.

The explosion took place at half past 12 o'clock, in day time, and Dr. Crittenden, who was on board, slightly injured, informs me that she sunk in fifteen minutes after, and as she went down (covered by the water) another boiler exploded with a most terrific report.

Another body (deck hand) has just been brought in.

Letters of a subsequent day inform us that the bodies of all those lost had been recovered. One of the wounded, a colored deck hand, died the next day, the other sixteen were less injured than was at first apprehended, and no fears are entertained for them. We trust that the number killed will not exceed eight. The steamboat itself is an utter loss.

There is no important news from the army under Gen. Taylor. The U. S. troops of war, Mr. Taylor, arrived at the bay of Anahuac on the 13th ult., with a number of despatches on board, for General Taylor, from Washington. On the evening of the same day, the U. S. brig Porpoise hoisted to, off the bar, and communicated with the St. Mary's. In half an hour thereafter, she sailed towards Vera Cruz. Nothing is known of her purpose or intelligence transmitted to Gen. Taylor. The report of the traders was half credited.

Gen. Taylor sent out Lieut. Scarritt with an escort of forty dragoons to reconnoitre for 30 or 40 miles north, to ascertain everything possible, and he, no doubt, has spies posted farther ahead.

Storm on Lake Champlain.—We learn from the correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, that a violent storm of thunder, lightning and rain occurred at Burlington and vicinity on Saturday evening last. Trees were levelled to the ground, chimneys demolished, and houses and barns roofed, and the rain descended in torrents. The balustrade and chimneys on Messrs. Strong's store, (formerly the Burlington Hotel), and the chimneys on Messrs. Peck's store, were swept off clean to the roof. The roof of Mr. John Bradley's new brick barn was entirely blown off, and the building nearly demolished. Mrs. Doctor Moody's fine dwelling, near the Female Seminary, had the roof entirely taken off, and the storm of wind and rain poured upon the interior of the house and everything in it was completely wrecked.

ANOTHER DEATH IN A FOUL WELL.—Mr. H. Lee descended the well of Mr. Slifer, near Charlottesville, Va., on Friday last, to ascertain the cause of the impurity of the water, but without using any precautionary measures to guard the character of the water. Immediately after his descent, he was asked whether it was not too damp for him to remain to which he replied, "It was none to him." He was called again, and he said he would come up, and got into the bucket for the purpose, but before reaching the top he fell, and was instantly killed. The day previous, candles were let down, but came back extinguished, which circumstance the unfortunate deceased was aware of, and, of course, relieved every one from censure.

Death by Lightning.—Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Jonas Green, of Wilton, was killed by lightning a week or two since. She was on a visit at the house of Mr. Philbrick Marston, in Harrington. An enormous mass of electric fluid struck a chimney at one end of the house, and the character of the conductor, the fluid spread off on contiguous conductors in almost every direction, a part passing along the roof the whole length of the house, part extending its course along the roof of the porch, and other portions, shattering more or less every room but one in the house.

Unfortunately Mrs. Green was seated near the fireplace, and the fluid, which was conducted down by the chimney, played around a wire in her cap, setting the cap on fire, and passing down her person, rending her clothes. Others were in the house, some of whom were materially injured—though the mass of fluid was so great as to spread off by every good conducting medium, and though the boards of the floor were splintered by the fluid in its passage along them, and a beaumbed sensation was felt in the feet of several.

[Portland Advertiser.]

NEW MODE OF SWINDLING.—An advertisement appeared in the Baltimore papers of Wednesday, announcing that a young man was wanted "to travel and act as door-keeper (to receive tickets, money, &c.) for a public exhibition, with security to the amount of \$300 required." A young man recently from Alexandria, D. C., sought an interview with the advertiser, agreed to take the situation, advanced the money, exchanged instruments of writing, and waited to be ordered to duty; but not hearing from his unknown friend, he went to the hotel where he was quartered, but he was not there. The young man, after the aid of the police, but the man with the money, at sending writing, is among the missing.

The funeral of Daniel Boone and his wife, at Frankfort, Ky., took place on Saturday the 13th inst. From 15,000 to 20,000 persons were present from all sections of the West. An immense procession was formed, the remains were borne on a hearse drawn by four white horses, and attended by Col. R. M. Johnson and other distinguished men as pall bearers. The Methodist Conference attended, and after appropriate religious exercises an eloquent and thrilling address was delivered by Hon. J. J. Crittenden.

The Mormon War.

The doings in Illinois, between the Mormons and their enemies, appear to be assuming a positive warlike character; each day's account supplies the use of the day before, in cause for alarm and sorrow. The origin of the trouble, as we gave it yesterday, seems to be established—an attack upon a meeting of anti-Mormons near Lima—but the Mormons deny that the attack was made by any of their people, and insist that it was got up to afford a pretext for making war upon them.

Be this as it may, it is established that the work of slaughter and destruction was immediately commenced by the anti-Mormons, and continued through Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. On the latter day, the 12th, a committee of Mormons, with a flag of truce, appeared at Lima, to negotiate, and three anti-Mormons held an informal conference with them to hear what they had to say.

The Mormons, four in number, representing themselves to be a committee, appointed by the Morley and Hancock settlements, proposed to sell their arms, reserving the crops in the ground, and taking cattle, sheep, horses, store goods, &c., in payment. But they would not agree to leave the vicinity nor would they say where they would go. So the overture fell through.

Then the work of destruction recommenced and buildings were fired in all directions. The St. Louis Republican of the 17th says:

Our accounts by the last boats are brought down to Sunday night. The work of destruction was progressing, and extending itself with hourly increasing violence. The anti-Mormons, it is understood, have taken measures to secure a general concentration of forces from far and near, and they declare they will not stop short of the expulsion of every Mormon from Hancock county—in which Nauvoo is situated. It is said, that up to Sunday night, about sixty houses had been burned down in Adams and Hancock counties. Capt. Daniel Smith, of the anti-Mormons, declared anti-Mormons from Augusta, and expressed a determination to protect the friends of that party against the Mormons.

Backenstien, the sheriff of Hancock county, issued a proclamation on the 18th, commanding the voters to suppress the violence upon the good citizens to aid in suppressing the disturbances, &c. He enjoined upon the people of Nauvoo to remain quiet, but directed 2000 to hold themselves in readiness for marching orders.

A letter from Quincy, dated the 18th, says:—"I understand a meeting of anti-Mormons was to be held at Carthage to-day. The Mormons are encamped about three miles from where the scene of destruction first commenced. Their number on Friday was variously estimated, from one to three hundred, but an hour ago greatly swelled their ranks. Both parties are well armed, and all the anti-Mormons with whom I conversed, expressed the belief that the work of destruction could not be stayed until the Mormons were driven into Nauvoo.—Time will either confirm or negative this belief.

Although the firing upon the school house has not been the immediate cause of the present outbreak, still the real cause must be traced to the elements of society in Hancock. Everything is confusion and disorder there. Law is prostrate and cannot be enforced against either party, and I have long been of opinion that the cause of the present outbreak was the quarrel of the fair sex of that county, who were separated by human blood. The present excitement may be quelled, but I repeat that nothing short of a total separation will permanently settle the difficulty. The question is one of too serious a character to be trifled with."

TRouble in Kentucky.—It appears from the following article from the Frankfort Commonwealth of last Wednesday, that there is another mob outbreak in Kentucky. But the Governor, in this case, seems determined to preserve order and sustain the laws, at all risks. Had he, or other authorities, adopted the same course, when the press of Cassius M. Clay was destroyed by a mob, there would doubtless have been no trouble now:

"The public have already been apprised, by rumors, of a threatened violation of law, in a mad attempt to rescue Dr. Baker from the jail of Clay county, by a mob of the same name, when the press of Cassius M. Clay was destroyed by a mob, there would doubtless have been no trouble now:

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OPPOSITION.—The competition on Lake Champlain, between the steamboats, must be anything but a money-making business. A party of ten, arrived at Whitehall, Friday morning. The owner of the Salsus came on board the packet and offered to pay the hotel bills of the company, if they would go on his boat the next day, for nothing. Most of the company, agreed to it, and the bills of three or four gentlemen from New York amounted to \$8 each, for wine, &c. This the owner paid without a word of displeasure, and the total of the amount he paid was \$112. He then took them across the lake gratis, his generosity, however, some thought, was riding "a free horse too fast," and they made up a present to him which amounted to \$150. [N. Y. Com.]

Distressing Occurrence.—A young man in a store in Union street, was most shockingly burned, last evening, by the explosion of a canphene burner, which he was lighting. His name we did not learn. [Boston Bee.]

FEMALE BELLIGERENCY. The editor of the Philadelphia Gazette has been awfully shocked by two fighting women. He says: "Aspects are warlike at home as well as on the southern frontier. The conjunction of Mars and Saturn, followed up by Jupiter, and driving Venus to her bed before them, is certainly ominous! The women are at fistfuls! Surely some planet has unwitting women! On Saturday two male maids had a fight on the Lancaster turnpike; passion having 'curled nature's' kindest hair, 'even where 'tis richest, in a milk-and-honey bosom!'"

GREAT YIELD. We learn from Col. Hatch, that George Randall, Esq., of New Bedford, this season sowed on two acres and thirty rods of land, ten bushels of flat southern corn, which have produced at the rate of thirty-one bushels per acre, and thirty rods to the acre, of excellent green corn fodder! Who can beat this?

A QUEER THEFT. It is said that the Big Oxen were stolen from their place of deposit in this city on Friday night. The Rogue got them clear from the town, before they were discovered. He then "cut stick" so quick that he was not apprehended. The oxen were recovered, one being found in the road, the three others hid in a yard. A bold thief. [Eastern Age.]

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly.

Ashes, per 100 lbs.	Provisions.
Beans, 100 @ 125	Pork, round hogs, 6
White, 100 @ 135	Beef, ox, 7 @ 450
Pea, 100 @ 125	Beef, cow, 3 @ 400
Flour, 5 @ 57	Butter, 14
Corn, 51 @ 70	Lard, 9 @ 10
Oats, 30 @ 33	Cheese, 6 @ 8
Wheat, 83 @ 100	Mutton, 3 @ 4
Rye, 42 @ 50	Chickens, 20 @ 22
Barley, 42 @ 50	Geese, 4 @ 5
Peas, 42 @ 50	Eggs, 10 @ 12
Hay, (9 @ 90) 9 @ 90	Apples, d'd, 21 @ 3
Clover, 6 @ 8	Wool, 20 @ 20
Flax seed 100 @ 5	Potatoes, 30 @ 40
H. grass, 175 @ 200	Meal, 67 @ 75
Red top 57 @ 75	Indian, 67 @ 77
Plaster Paris, 60 @ 60	Wool, 25 @ 40
Lime, 90 @ 95	Fleece, 25 @ 40
Thomson, new inv., 90 @ 95	Pulled, 25 @ 37
	Woolskin, 25 @ 100

Boston Flour and Grain Market, Sept. 25.

Flour.—Since the arrival of the steamer, bringing accounts of fine weather for harvesting, and a decline in Flour in England, purchasers have bought lightly; before arrival the market was firm, and Genesee sold freely at \$5, cash; for Georgetown. The demand for Southern is light; Sales of Georgetown, from new wheat, \$12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 cash.

Grain.—The market stands about the same for Corn; moderate sales of Southern yellow flat at 56 1/2 @ 57c, and white 55c. Southern Oats and other kinds of good quality 37c; 1000 bushels Illinois wheat, 97c @ 100 cash.

WOOL.—American Fall blood - - - - - 37 @ 38
- - - - - 36 @ 37
- - - - - 32 @ 30
- - - - - 30 @ 31
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, @ lb. - - - - - 40 @ 41
Smyrna, washed, @ lb. - - - - - 20 @ 22
unwashed - - - - - 10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres - - - - - 10 @ 30
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs - - - - - 36 @ 38
No. 1, 1st quality, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 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The Muse.

[Original.]

Look not on the Dark Side.

"Tis foolishness, it seems to me,
For persons who from pain are free,
To drop away in misery,
And deep despair.

In forest hopes they ne'er confide,
But ever view the darkest side,
And in the blackest storm abide,
And worst affair.

If storms arise, they then complain,
The earth is always drenched with rain,
To spoil their corn and rot their grain,
Their only care.

If it be dry, what then, alas!
The earth is all a barren waste,
While dried up corn and withered grass
Are everywhere.

If crops are plenty, then what woe!
The markets all will overflow,
And prices will be very low,
They all agree.

If crops should fail, 'tis even worse,
For they will suffer in their purse,
And every man will feel the case,
Which he must bear.

If they are sick, no man can know,
The amount of pain and dreadful woe,
Which they are forced to undergo,
And yet forbear.

Thus they cry out at each design,
"Well may I live at ease and shine,
For never was such grief as mine,
I'm well aware."

And so they live and mourn alone,
Creating sorrow where there's none,
And sending forth a direful groan
In their despair.

[REMARKS.]

The Story Teller.

From the American Review.

THE DEATH OF WIND-FOOT.

AN INDIAN STORY.

BY W. WHITMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so heard I the tale not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American states, a petty Indian tribe, governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. His deeds of courage and subtlety made him renowned thro' a small portion of the northern continent. There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son; for twenty moons had filled and waned since his wife, following four of her offspring, was placed in the burial ground.

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveller from a distant tribe, had entered the village and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red man; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chieftain himself. Among that simple race no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of a guest, those duties were now performed by the host's own hand, his son having not yet returned from the hunt on which he had started with a few young companions at early dawn. In a little while the wayfarer was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

"You are welcome my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The person to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age, and habited in the scant attire of his species. He had the war tuft on his forehead, under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes. His rejoinder was friendly and brief.

"The chief's tent is lonesome—his people are away," continued the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true that it is lonesome," the other answered. "Twelve seasons ago, the Unrelenting saw five children in the shadow of the wigwam, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong like a cord of many fibres. Then the breath of Manita snatched the fibres one by one asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye on my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself."

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before, the figure of a boy had glided noiselessly in and taken his station back of the chief. Hardly twelve years seemed the age of the new comer. He was a noble child! His limbs, never distorted with the ligatures of civilized life, were graceful as the ash, and symmetrical and springy as the bounding stag. It was the last and liveliest of the chieftain's sons—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot.

With the youth's assistance, the preparations for their frugal meal were soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins was arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer's evening. The moon shone, and the stars twinkled, and the thousand voices of a forest night, sounded in every direction. The chieftain and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze which blew freshly upon them, and flapped the piece of deer hide that served for their door, sometimes flinging it down so as to darken the apartment, then raising it suddenly up again, as if to let in the bright moonbeams.

Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day. He had met with no success, and in a boy's impatient spirit, wondered why it was that others' arrows should hit the mark, and failure be reserved for him alone. The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful trials; he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same perverse fortune.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheek was soft and my arms felt the numbness of but few winters, I myself vainly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done to-day. The Dark Influence was around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding."

"And my father brought home nothing to his lodge?"

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearer to him and his people than the fattest deer or the sweetest bird meat—he brought the scalp of an accursed Kans!"

The voice of the chief was deep and sharp in its tone of hatred.

"Will my father," said Wind-Foot, "tell—"

The child started and paused. An exclamation, a sudden guttural noise, came from that part of the tent where the stranger was sleeping. The dry skins which formed the bed, rustled, as if he who lay there was changing his position, and then all continued silent. The Unrelenting proceeded in a lower tone, fearful that they had almost broken the slumber of their guest.

"Listen!" said he; "you know a part, but not all the cause of hatred there is between our nation and the accursed enemies whose name I mentioned. Longer back than I can remember, they did mortal wrong to your fathers. The scalp of two of your near kindred hang in Kans lodges, and I have sworn my son, to bear them a never-ending hatred."

"On the morning of which I spoke, I started with fresh limbs and light heart to search for game. Hour after hour, I roamed the forest, but with no success; and at the setting of the sun I found myself weary, and many miles from my father's lodge. I laid down at the foot of a tree, and sleep came over me. In the depth of the night, a voice seemed whispering in my ears; it called me to rise quickly—to look round. I started to my feet, and found no one there but myself; then I knew that the Dream Spirit had been with me. As I cast my eyes about in the gloom I saw a distant brightness. Treading softly, I approached."

The light was that of a fire, and by the fire lay two sleeping figures. O, I laughed the quiet laugh of a deadly mind, as I saw who they were—a Kans warrior, and a child like you, my son, in age. I felt the edge of my tomahawk—it was keen as my hate. I crept towards them as the snake crawls through the grass. I bent over the slumbering boy; I raised my weapon to strike. But I thought that were they both slain no one would carry the tale to the Kans tribe. My vengeance would be tasteless to me if they knew it not—and I spared the child. Then I glided to the other; his face was of the same cast as the first, which gladdened me, for I then knew they were of close kindred. I raised my arm—I gathered my strength—I struck, and cleft the warrior's brain in quivering halves!"

The chief had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of loudness and rage, and his hoarse tones at the last part of his narration, rang croakingly through the lodge.

At that moment, the deer hide curtain kept all within darkness; the next, it was lifted up, and a flood of moonlight filled the apartment. A startling sight was back there, then! The strange Indian was sitting up on his couch, his distorted features glaring toward the unconscious ones in front with a look like that of Satan to his antagonist angel. His lips were parted, his teeth clenched, his arm raised, and his hand doubled—every nerve and sinew in bold relief. This spectacle of fear lasted only for a moment; the Indian at once sank noiselessly back, and lay with the skins wrapped round him as before.

It was now an advanced hour of the night. Wind-Foot felt exhausted by his day's travel; the father and son arose from their seat at the door, and retired to rest. In a little while, all was silence in the tent; but from the darkness which surrounded the bed of the stranger, flashed two fiery orbs, rolling about incessantly like the eyes of an angry wild beast. The lids of those orbs closed not in slumber during the night. Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness of the highest degree, to annoy a traveller or a guest with questions about himself, his last abode or his future destination. Until he saw fit to go, he was made welcome to stay, whether for a short time or a long one. Thus, on the morrow, when the strange Indian showed no signs for departing, the chief expressed not the least surprise, but felt indeed a compliment indirectly paid to his powers of entertainment.

Early the succeeding day, the Unrelenting called his son to him, while the stranger was standing at the door. He told Wind-Foot that he was going on a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him to night fall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality towards his guest, and bade him be ready at evening with a welcome for his father.

The sun had marked the middle of the afternoon, when the chief finishing what he had to do sooner than he had expected, came back to his own dwelling, and threw himself on the floor to obtain rest—for the day, though pleasant, had been a warm one. Wind-Foot was not there, and after a little interval the Chief stepped to a lodge near by, to make inquiry after him.

"The young brave," said the woman, who appeared to answer questions, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."

The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.

"I cannot tell the meaning of it," added the woman, "but he of the fiery eye bade me, should the father of Wind-Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words, 'Unless your foe sees you drink his blood, that blood loses more than half its sweetness!'"

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lips trembled, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly? Those sounds were not new to him—like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollected that the words the woman spoke were the very ones he himself had uttered to the Kans child whose father he slew long ago in the forest! And this stranger? Ah! now he saw it all. He remembered the dark looks of his guest—and carrying his mind back again, traced the features of the Kans in their natural counterpart. And the chief felt too conscious for what terrible purpose Wind-Foot was in the hands of this man. He sallied forth, gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek the child.

About the same hour that the Unrelenting returned from his journey, Wind-Foot, several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the woods that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path and another with the heedlessness of his age; and now while the latter sat in perfect silence for several minutes, Wind-Foot idly gazed near him. It was a solemn spot; in every direction around were towering patriarchs of the wilderness growing and decaying in solitude. At length the stranger spoke:

"Wind-Foot!"

The child who was but a few yards off, approached at the call. As he came near, he stopped in alarm; his companion's eyes had that dreadfully bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other, terrible forebodings rose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftain," said the stranger, "you must die!"

"The brave is in play," was the response, "Wind-Foot is a little boy."

"Serpent's are small at first," replied the savage, "but in a few moons they have fangs and deadly poison. Harken, branch from an evil root—I am a Kans! The youth your parent spared in the forest has now become a man. Warriors of his tribe point to him and say, 'His fathers' scalp adorn the lodge of the Unrelenting, but the wigwam of the Kans is bare! Wind-Foot, it must be bare no longer!'"

The boy's heart beat quickly—but he true to the stern courage of his ancestors.

"I am the son of a chief," he answered, "my cheeks cannot be wet with tears."

The Kans looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scorn. Then producing from an inner part of his dress a wile of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind-Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistance, for besides the disparity of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the savage had at his waist a hatchet, and a rude weapon resembling a pincard. He pointed to Wind-Foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearful stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chief's sight was sharp with parental love; they followed on—winding, and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree. The trail was now less irregular, and they traversed with great rapidity. Its direction seemed towards the shores of a long narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and the sun sank in the west, they saw his last fitting gleams reflected upon the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees, and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the range with their keen eyes.

Was it so, indeed!—There, on the grass not twenty yards from the shore, were the persons sought—and fastened near by a canoe. They saw from his posture that the captive was bound; they saw from this too, that if the Kans should once get him in the boat, and gain a start for the opposite side, where very likely some of his tribe were waiting for him, release would be almost impossible. For a moment only they paused. Then the Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joined in the terrible chorus and followed him.

As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kans's ear, he jumped to his feet and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguishes his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him to do. He seized Wind-Foot by the shoulder and ran towards the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race, and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick as the Indian, dragging his child, approached the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of Kans!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm warrest against children. Turn, if thou darrest and meet the eye of a full grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh was borne back from his flying enemy to the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look round, but twisted his left arm and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment, he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice, and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was, for a last struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell upon the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kans. With the speed of lightning, the chief's bow was up at his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—and a poisoned tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to his mission, it cleft the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength, however, was not yet gone. Hate and measureless revenge—the stronger that they were baffled, raged within him, and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death-damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot. He felt to his waistband and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised the weapon in the air—and just as the death-rattle sounded in his throat, the instrument (the shuddering eyes of the child saw it, and shut their lids in intense agony) came down, driven too surely to the heart of the hapless boy.

When the Unrelenting came up to his son, the last signs of life were fading in the boy's countenance. His eyes opened and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of expiring fondness. On his features flitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.

The Steam Engine.

Years have rolled away and the visions of the tea-kettle have been realized.

Talk of political revolutions, they are nothing to the revolutions of science. Amid the roar of a conflict which shook Europe, the ancient dynasty of France fell prostrate, crumbled with the ruins of its own Bastille. And now new battles are being created—new fortifications erected—the tools with which tyranny played its game of yore; the chains are again clanking on the people who once so nobly burst them. But there is no such reaction in the revolution of science. The echo of the cherry tree of the old tea-kettle, when the boy Walter sat dreaming listening to it, is to be heard in the loud roar of the steam-engine, rising often above the din of wind and waters, and proclaiming to both that a mighty power is battling their fierceness.

There is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amidst its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful—the machinery of a factory's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are places, preching solemn lessons, touching solemn truths; but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements.

"Why, massa, you do look bold as a lion."

"Jack, what do you know about a lion? you never saw a lion."

"Oh yes, massa, I see lion many a time, Massa Torrey's Jim, he ride one by here every day when he go to mill."

"Pshaw, Jack, you fool, that is no lion—that is a donkey."

"Can't help that, massa—cause you do look bery zactly like him."

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

These are the words from which I shall draw my morning's discourse:

Where did you come from?
Knock a nigger down.
Who do you belong to?
Knock a nigger down.
Where are you going to?
Knock a nigger down.

My hearers—the first question asked in my text is, Where did you come from. You may think it as easily answered as a call to supper; and so it may be, but not to my satisfaction. Methinks I hear you reply individually: I came from the South, where the boys are always ready to take a drink but not an insult; I came from Down East, where one man, with the assistance of a boy, knows more in a minute than all Gotham in a week; I came from Jersey, the greatest country in creation; and I didn't come from anywhere—I was raised and brought up where I am. Now, this is all very well as far as it goes; but where, I ask, did you come from originally? You refer me to your parents. I know very well they assisted you in getting a foothold upon life; but where, allow me to inquire again, were you when you were nowhere? That's a knock-down, not only to a nigger, but to a white man. I will tell you where you were—your bodies were scattered in particles, hither and thither, all about these terrestrial lots, helping to form feed for your progenitors, while the essence of your souls was diffused throughout all nonentity, like a drop of water evaporated in boundless space. To think what you once were and what you are now, no doubt makes you feel rather proud and important, when you ought to be down on your knees and humbly giving thanks that you are here at all. You should congratulate yourselves that you had the good fortune to come into the world, for the odds were astonishingly great against you, when we consider the millions and millions that stand no possible chance of ever being born! Who knows but these myriads of embryos are lying upon the door-steps of existence, weeping and wailing, and accusing old bachelors and elderly maids of downright murder! But open the door and see if there are any to be taken in rather than be guilty of murder in the first degree, by wilful neglect.

My friends—Who do you belong to? or, more grammatically speaking, to whom do you belong? You can't belong to yourselves, because you are not self-made; and, therefore, you must belong to Him who created you after his own image, and to his own glory. Consequently you are his property, (poor property, too, some of you,) and you have no right to abuse yourselves, nor one another, in any way, manner or shape. How dare you then eat, drink, and make love to excess, or commit assault and battery upon your neighbor, when you know you are abusing things that don't belong to you? Yes, and how can you have the audacity to put a razor to your throat and destroy that which was given to you by your God with an especial direction, like what you sometimes see upon a steamboat ticket:—"TO BE KEPT UNTIL CALLED FOR!" Your Maker has given you your lives for you to keep until he calls for them, and you have no more business to put them out of your hands by blowing your brains out, or getting drunk and laying down on the track of a railroad, than I have to murder my congregation—and yet I sometimes do it. But, you may ask, Have I not a right to respectfully return to the giver what I am not pleased with? No, I answer, perpendicularly; because every one ought to be pleased with his life—and so he generally is, till he has abused and injured it by his own folly and indiscretion. So after you have damaged the precious article, you think it all right and proper that you should throw it back into the hands of heaven with the excuse that you are not pleased with it! If you can look in the face of the Lord and do that, I don't know where there is a meanness you are not capable of committing. Oh! you wicked and perverse generation of self-manufactured fools!—where are you going to?

Yes, my hearers—that is the question again, where are you going to? I know. Some of you are going to ruin; some are going to get married; some are going to reform—always going to; some are going down hill, and some are going up; some are going to their graves; and, from present appearances, you are all going straight to the devil. Religion is now either milk and water, or vinegar effervescing and foaming over the pearlash of party—practical piety has been carried out by somebody so far that it has never found its way back—honesty is a donkey for the world to ride—sympathy is anything less than a red cent; it seldom or never shows itself in the shape of a sixpence—generosity is selfishness in disguise, apparently open and liberal, yet really mean and skulking. Instead of praying for one another, like loving brothers and sisters, you prey upon one another, like the wild beasts of the forest; and, in many respects, you are of little more consequence than they.

Now, to answer briefly the three questions of my text; you came from the dust, you belong to the dust, and to the dust you must return; and as you are made of dust, the knocking-down part of the text means, I suppose, "down with the dust!" So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

FLATTERY IN RAGS. We lately came across an anecdote in an English paper, which furnishes a fine lesson in the study of human nature. A miserable looking beggar in piteous accents implored the charity of a well-dressed lady, who was passing by, but he was not graciously received.

"I have no small change," said she, with a repulsive look.

"Then most charming madam," said the philosopher in rags, "allow me the privilege of kissing your beautiful, lily-white hand."

"No, my friend," replied the pleased fair one, with a smile, "I cannot do that, but there's half a crown for you!"

A southern dandy having been practising before the glass and dressing himself a little more exquisitely than common for a special occasion, called in his negro Jock, when the following dialogue ensued—

"Jack, how do I look this evening?"

"Oh, massa, you do look splendid, neber see you look so grand all my life."

"Now, Jack, upon honor, do you think I look fine?"

"Why, massa, you do look bold as a lion."

"Jack, what do you know about a lion? you never saw a lion."

"Oh yes, massa, I see lion many a time, Massa Torrey's Jim, he ride one by here every day when he go to mill."

"Pshaw, Jack, you fool, that is no lion—that is a donkey."

"Can't help that, massa—cause you do look bery zactly like him."

GOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

YEARLING and two years old Merino Rams, sired by "DON HARDY." Said rams shear from four to six and one half pounds of washed wool—live weight from 100 to 125 lbs. Gentlemen from Vermont consider them as good as some of their best flocks; price from \$25 to \$35. Also a few yearling Rams selected from some of the best flocks in Vermont—\$25 to \$30. Likewise 100 Ewes, a cross between South Down and Merino.

One 4 year old ewe, 1 Durham, a large and handsome animal, good for stock and milk, having brought two calves and given milk constantly since she was two years old, and to calve again the first of Winter; or if a purchaser prefer a 3 year old Durham and Hereford that has raised two calves and will bring the third early in next spring, or a large 2 year old heifer 1 Durham, to calve in early Winter, he can be accommodated at moderate prices. Sold cow and heifers are with calf by a full blood Durham Bull.

Also, Two litters of PIGS 2 weeks old, one of them from a white Berkshire sow, the other from a black Berkshire—both old breeders. Both litters were sired by a boar brought from Portsmouth, N.H. This animal is of a large, quiet breed, and easy to fatten.

MOSES TABER.

Vassalboro', 9th mo., 12th, 1845.

NEW BOAT.

Kennebec and Boston Steam Navigation, 1845.

The new, safe, and commodious Steamboat, KENNEBEC,

Capt. NATHANIEL KIMBALL,

Will, after further notice, run between Hallowell and Boston, leaving Hallowell, every MONDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at half past 2, Gardiner at 3, and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.

Returning, leaves north side of T. Wharf, Boston, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 7 o'clock P. M.

F. & S. 200—Mechanical Faculty.

The Kennebec was built expressly for the route between Kennebec and Boston, of the best materials and workmanship.

The proprietors of the Kennebec think they hazard nothing in saying she is the best boat ever on the Eastern waters, either for safety or accommodations.

Good stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat, to convey passengers to almost any town desired.

H. WARD & PAGE, Agents, Hallowell.

GEORGE STONE, Agents, Gardiner.

J. D. GARDINER, Agents, Hallowell.

Hallowell, June 28, 1845.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

An approved remedy for Constipation and Dyspepsia: Recommended by the most distinguished Medical Faculty, who every day prescribe them to their patients and use them in their families.

THIS inestimable medicine has been before the public for more than eight years. The sales have quadrupled within two years, and are constantly increasing, the best proof of their efficacy.

They are without a rival for the cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headache (nervous or acute), Liver Complaint, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Tic Douloureux, Jaundice, Flatulence, Oppression after eating, Weak Stomach, Debility, Lowness of Spirits, Chronic Diarrhoea or East India Complaint, Piles, Worms, Amenorrhoea or Suppression, Morbidity or Green Sickness, &c. &c. In all female obstructions they are safe and effectual. Hundreds of ladies in this city and Boston have used no other medicine, by advice of their family physicians, and have been cured. Salem, Jan. 10, 1844.—The undersigned having used Harrison's Peristaltic Lozenges in Dyspepsia and kindred complaints, have proved them a very useful and excellent remedy. We cheerfully recommend them to all suffering from Dyspepsia or Constipation. The Peristaltics are very extensively used in this region, and are every day prescribed by the first physicians in the place.

REMI. P. CHAMBERLAIN, J. D. ADAMS.

A sure, safe, and cheap cure for Piles.

Mr. Harrison—Having given your Peristaltic Lozenges and Pills Remedy a fair trial, I have the satisfaction to inform you that they have operated wonderfully in my case. I had not been able for months to do any work my trade owing to exhaustion from bleeding, but I now feel myself cured. The severe pain which I had in my stomach is gone, and my strength is fast returning. I had used various remedies, to no purpose, until I tried your medicine. I can also state that Capt. Benj. Irwin of this town has also experienced great benefit from your remedy. I cheerfully recommend the medicine to all suffering with that distressing complaint, the Piles. EDWARD H. LEWIS.

Lyons, Sept. 27, 1844.

Ask for Harrison's Pills Remedy. Price only 50 cts.

Both of these medicines are for sale by J. E. LADD, Augusta, and S. ADAMS, Hallowell.

12/29

Cabinet Work at Reduced Prices!

DAVID KNOWLTON,

ON OAK STREET, would inform the public that he continues to carry on the Cabinet business, a few rods west of Granite Block, on Oak street, where he keeps a small assortment of Furniture. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine before they purchase elsewhere. OLD FURNITURE repaired in the best manner and at short notice.

Augusta, May 6, 1845.

N. B. COFFINS of various sizes kept on hand at the above shop.

Dutch Bolting Cloths,

FOR sale at Boston prices, by W. F. HALLETT.

Augusta, Sept. 26, 1844.

Whitney's Machine Shop.

THE subscriber has recently erected a building at the corner of Bridge and Commercial Streets, in Augusta, and has in operation a steam engine and all other machinery necessary for manufacturing all the varieties of TURNING, DRILLING AND WOOD, such as mill work of various kinds, Axles, &c. Bedsteads, and other turning in wood. Repairs of Machinery will be attended to promptly, and in a satisfactory manner. He hopes, by a faithful and diligent attention to his business, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

ELIAS S. WHITNEY.

Augusta, Feb. 6, 1845.

To Grain Growers.

THE Subscribers hereby give notice, that they continue the business of building PITTS' MACHINE FOR THRASHING AND CLEANING GRAIN at their shop, in Winthrop Village, a few rods south of the Woolen Factory. Also the Common THORPE POWER to suit any mill, to be had on all terms, wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves.

SAMUEL BENJAMIN, CYRUS DAVIS.

Winthrop, August 2, 1845.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

FOR sale by W. F. HALLETT.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1845.

PRESTON'S Concentrated Extract of Lemon,

for cooking purposes, sold by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

July 3.

PATENT HINGES.—The subscribers have just re-

ceived ten hundred pounds of those celebrated Patent Hinges, all sizes from six to twenty-nine inches.

LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.

Augusta, June, 1845.

PILL COCHIA.—These Pills are prescribed by all

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